

To the Person who writes Benevolence.

It is usual for the People of my Persuasion to begin their Addresses with *Friend*, but, that Appellation belongeth not to *thee*, for thou hast not the truth within *thee*.

THY real name is SCURRILITY, thou hast introduced thy venal performance with a falsity, which is evident to all who dwell in this town; for the strangers (in whose behalf thou hast prostituted thy pen) introduc'd themselves by dint of *blood-gotten wealth*, and *eastern impudence*, and thou thy self hast taken the same steps, for if, as thou sayest, thee and thy family have been resident in *Pomfret* so many centuries; Why callest thou thyself a *stranger*? Verily, verily, I am afraid thou art too well known for thy credit, for I will make it appear to the world that thou art a counterfeit, and hast usurped a name which doth not belong to thee. The real *Benevolence* would be ashamed of thy company, he is still resident in this town, but of a better profession than a Botanist: and I can tell thee, thou hast little reason to boast of thy genius and proficiency in that science, for hitherto thou hast produced nothing but *thistles*, *sham flowers*, and *rank weeds*. As to *peace*, whom thou callest thy half brother, it was thee and thy abettors who drove him from hence. He is not murdered as thou pretendest, but is yet alive and well I hope to thy confusion, and will return again with redoubled health and vigour, in spite of thee and thy wretched adherents.—Thou hast, (like the rest of thy scurrilous fraternity) the audacity to call a body of true *Britons*, who stood up for their ancient rights and privileges, a *mob*. Verily, I will be bold to affirm thy greatest genius and proficiency seemeth to me to consist in impudence and falsehoods. If thy half brother's son is not educated by the good men, as well as the great, I am much afraid he will prove a miscreant like thy self. Thou tells us again the *mob* seized thy *patrimony*, how camest thou by it? The estate is or may be thine, but hast thou the arrogance to imagine, that because thou buyest my *house* or *lands*, thou hast likewise purchased *me* and my *family*, vain presumption!—Those whom thou callest the *mob*, might well call out *liberty* and *property*, for thee and thy confederates endeavoured to rob us of what we esteem our brightest *jewel*; but that power who presides over the whole *earth*, will, I hope, frustrate all such villainous schemes, and retort them upon the heads of those who fram'd them. It is a certain sign what trifles will amuse thee, when a *list* of *horses* could have the power to drive away some part of thy chagrin for thy disappointment, but tho' I never trouble my head much with the affairs of the *turf*, I am certain thou art no judge. I agree with thee that they are not well match'd, for such noble horses, and so high bred as *Liberty*, *Fairplay*, *Freedom*, &c. are but demeaning themselves to run against such sorry *hacks* as *Nabob*, *Nailmaker*, *Brazenface*, &c. My acknowledgement of this, ought to satisfy thee, as I will also agree thou hast some skill and judgement in *stallions*.—Thy scurrilous epistle is full of errors, thy description of their pastures is entirely false; besides, thou hast forgotten to mention another *root*,* which that north side of the *town* is noted for producing, it is a known and celebrated *peccoral* for clearing the stomach and brain from all *crude* and *rancorous notions*, but its greatest virtue and efficacy consists in an outward application, it is an excellent *caustick* for a bare *back*, and in a moment properly apply'd, wou'd make the most *drowsy*, *lethargic*, *stupid* creature alive, cut capers like a Merry-Andrew, therefore wou'd advise thee to try the experiment, for if I have any sort of judgement, thou art the stupidest wretch this day alive, raillery apart, What shall I say to the rest of thy scandalous grubstreet? Verily, thou must be destitute of both religion and sentiment; thou hast shewn a diabolical malicious disregard to the divine *Omnipotence*, by thy gross disrespect to his *minister* for doing the duty of his function; thou hast derogated from civility and good manners, by thy vile insinuations against the *fair sex*; thy original must be mean; thy intellects clouded with ignorance, for thou canst find no precedent for such behaviour, unless thou tookest example from a recent incident, when the fair part of the creation were most grossly abused by blows. Thou hast made it plainly appear to me, that the seeds of these shrubs which thou stilest envy, malice, and folly, were engendered in thy own breast; thou likewise broughtest in sedition, Why didst thou not call it treason against these high and mighty powers the *Nabobs* and their *Substitutes*? Verily, if the generality of the people had the same notions as thy self, we should have reason to fear they wou'd endeavour to dethrone our present gracious *King*, and set up an *Indian Idol* of their own. Which God forbid.—But great strides they are taking towards arbitrary power, and sorry I am to think, that those whom one should imagine wou'd have been the most strenuous supporters of our rights and privileges, have

“ Like the base *Judean*, thrown a pearl away,

“ Richer than all their tribes.”

The burlesque thou hast cast upon two or three respectable names, returns with double force and irony upon thee and thy party, for upstarts and fuzballs, most properly belong to them and thee, and, as near as I can, I will attempt to define thy own character; thou art one of those double tongued *Janusses* who mump for a living. In some places thou insinuatest thy self with smooth oily cant and flattery; to others thou art a scandle monger, and tale bearer, thy livelihood is built upon others good fame, and a wedding, a bastard child, or a tale of a tub will any time get thee a dinner.—I will now take leave of thee, with a determined resolution to expose in a severer manner any future Grubstreet thy dull brain may presume to produce.

Aminadab Hotspur.

And now, ye sons of freedom I call upon you, to exert all your powers in support of *Liberty*, *Property*, *Independency*, and the *Freedom* of our *Constitution*, not doubting of your unanimous assent thereto.

“ They said they would not hear of *Liberty*,

“ Forbade my tongue to speak of *Liberty*;

“ But I will find them when they lie a sleep,

“ And in their ears I'll hollow *Liberty*.

“ Nay! I'll have a starling taught to speak

“ Nothing but *Liberty*.”——“ And give it them

“ To keep their anger still in motion.”

— *Liquorice*



A New SONG.

Tune---*There was a jovial Miller liv'd on the River Dee.*

FROM *India* late a Nabob came
To try on *Yorkshire* Ground,
If with a Seat in Parliament
His wishes might be crown'd,
On *Pontefract* he fix'd his Eye,
And laid immediate Claim,
Declaring Freedom nothing was,
Beyond an empty Name,
And still the Burden of his Song,
Was Gold my Friend shall be,
I care for Nobody, no not I,
Nor wish their Love to me.

II

The Bodies, Souls, the Hearts,
The Heads of Englishmen I know,
For certain Prices may be bought,
And made or Friend or Foe,
Then why shou'd I full stor'd with wealth
Take any other Way ;
Then bribing well to get a Seat—
Which Seat I'll make repay,
And still the Burden of his song,
Was Gold my Friend shall be,
I care for Nobody, no not I,
And laugh at Liberty.

III.

If twenty thousand slip my Hands—
Once in *St Stephen's* Hall,
I'll charge *East-India* treble costs—
My Borough in *Bengall* ;
My thoughts and cares all center there,
Where I can fill my purse,
Britannia may go hang for me—
She's hardly worth a Curse ;
And still the Burden of his song,
Was Gold my Friend shall be,
Free Burgeesses may do their worst,
Whilst Shams stick fast to me.

IV.

No Friendship I expect to find
Amongst the selfish Crew,
They'll prey on me, I'll prey them,
A Practice nothing new ;
Their Votes secur'd, they may in vain
Expect my further Grace,
For seven long Years their paltry Town,
Shall never see my Face ;
And still the Burden of his song,
Was Gold my Friend shall be,
Free Burgeesses may do their worst,
Whilst Shams stick fast to me.

V.

Fair Freedom list'ning from on high,
This Nabob heard at large,
And fired with Wrath, to Pallas gave
A most important Charge ;
Haste blue-eyed maid, haste, haste to earth
Near *Pontefract* descend,
And find the youthful Baronet,
So much our mutual Friend,
That thro' his Aid my sons may all,
Have joyous Cause to sing,
Loud songs of Praise to Liberty,
And honor to the King.

VI.

'A Nabob come from Eastern Climes,
Which yet I never saw,
Has vow'd my Fall to gain his Ends,
And make his Purse the Law ;
No Merit, Age, nor Rank, he thinks,
Can stand resiftless Gold ;
But that the human Race like Beasts,
May all be bought and sold :
Then haste to *Nostell* that my sons,
May all have Cause to sing,
Loud songs of Praise to Liberty,
And honor to the King.

VII.

Jove's Daughter with unusual speed—
Delay had been a Sin,
Touch'd Earth before the well known hall,
Which holds her Fav'rite WINN,
She entered told him all she knew,
And painted Freedom's Grief,
Then on her Knees entreated him,
That he wou'd grand Relief,
With spirit worthy of his Rank,
He raised her from her Ground,
And boldly cried fair Freedom's Cause,
With Conquest shall be crown'd.

VIII.

True to his Word the Patriot Youth,
Has done what was requir'd,
And each untainted Bosom is,
With his Example fir'd ;
Oppression now begins to droop,
Her Serpent-bearing Head,
A little Perseverance soon,
Will strike the Monster dead :
Then boldly sing and push around—
Each jovial Lad and Lass,
To Freedom's Representative,
And all his Friends the Glass.

F I N I S.